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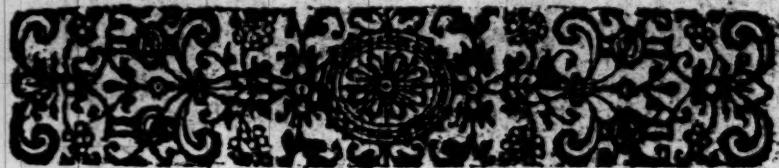
THE FLYTTING BE-
TWIXT MONTGOMERIE
AND POLWART.

Newlie corrected and ammended.



EDINBURGH.

Printed by the heirs of Thomas Finlason, for John Wood,
and are to be sold in his Shop on the South side of the high
Street, a little abouic the Croce, 1629.



TO THE READER.

NO canking Envy, Malice, nor Despite,
Stirr'd up these men so eagerly to flyte,
But generous Emulation; so in Playes
Best Actors flyte and raire, ana thousand wayes
Delight the itching Eare; So wanton Curres
Wak'd with the gingling of a Courteours spurres
Barke all the Night, and never seeke to bite.
Such brauery these Versers mou'd to write.
Would all this now doe flyte would flyte like Those
And lawes were made that none durst flyte in Prose.
How calme were then the world? perhaps this law
Might make some madding Wines to stand in awe,
And not in filthy Prose out-roare their Men
But read these Roundelayes to them till then.
Flyting no reason hath, and at this tyme
Heere it not stands by reason but by ryme,
Anger t'affage make Melancholy leffe,
This flyting first was wrote, now shol'st the Preſe
who will not refi content with this Epifle
Let them sit downe and flyte, or stand and whistle.



1850
to and owned by



POLWART
and
MON T GOMERIES
flyting.



Montgomerie to Polwart.

*O!wart ye peip like a Mouse among thornes,
Na cunning ye keip, Polwart ye peip:
Ye looke like a sheep and ye had twa horns,
Polwart ye peip like a Mouse among thorns.*

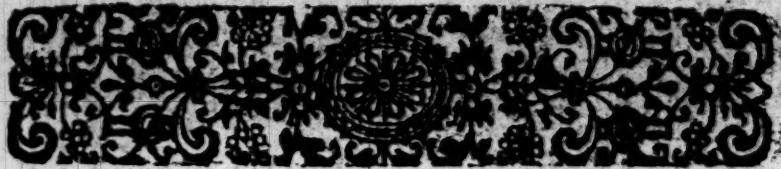
Beware what thou speaks, little soule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks beware what thou speiks,
Or there shalbe wat cheiks for the last that thou made,
Beware what thou speiks, little soule earth Tade.

Foule mismade myting, borne in the Merse,
By word and by wryting, soule mismade myting
Leave off thy flyting, come kisse my Erse,
Foule mismade myting, borne in the Merse.

And wee mell thou shalt yell, little cultron Cuist,
Thou fall tell, euenth thy sell, and we mell thou salt yell,
Thy smell was sa sell, and stronger than Muist,
And wee mell, thou salt yell, little custrown Cuist.

A

Thou



TO THE READER.

NO cankring Envy, Malice, nor Despite,
Stirr'd up these men so eagerly to flyte,
But generous Emulations, so in Playes
Best Actors flyte and raile, ana thousand wayes
Delight the itching Eare; So wanson Curres
Wak'd with the gingling of a Courteours spurres.
Barke all the Night, and never seeke to bite.
Such brauery these Versers mou'd to write.
Would all that now doe flyte would flyte like Those
And lawes were made that none durst flyte in Prose.
How calme were then the world? perhaps this law
Might make some madding Wines to stand in awe,
And not in filthy Prose out-roare their Men
But read these Roundelayes to them till then.
Flyting no reason hath, and at this tyme
Heere it not stands by reason but by ryme,
Anger t'affwage make Melancholy lesse,
This flyting first was wrote, now choles the Prose.
who will not rest content with this Epistle
Let them sit downe and flyte, or stand and whistle.



to bind and hand



POLWART
and
MONTGOMERIES
flyting.



Montgomerie to Polwart.

*Olwart ye peip like a Mousc among thornes,
Na cunning ye keip, Polwart ye peip:
Ye looke like a sheep and ye had twa horns,
Polwart ye peip like a Mousc among thornes.*

Beware what thou speaks, little foule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks beware what thou speiks,
Or there shalbe wat cheiks for the last that thou made,
Beware what thou speiks, little foule earth Tade.

Foule mismade myting, borne in the Merse,
By word and by wryting, foule mismade myting
Leaue off thy flyting, come kisse my Erse,
Foule mismade myting, borne in the Merse.

And wee mell thou shalt yell, little cultron Cuist,
Thou fall tell, euen thy sell, and we mell thou salt yell,
Thy smell was sa sell, and stronger than Muist,
And wee mell, thou salt yell, little custroun Cuist.

A

Theu

Thou art doeand and dridland like an foule beast,
Fykand, and fidland: thou art doeand and dridland,
Strydand and stridland, like Robin red-breast,
Thou art doeand and dridland, like an foule beast.

Powarts reply to Montgomerie.

DEsptefull spider poore of spreit,
Begins with babling mee to blame,
Gowke wyte mee not to gat thee greit,
Thy trathing, truiker, I shall tame,
When thou beleuees to winne a name,
Thou shall bee banishe of all ield,
And syne receiue baith skaith and shame
And sa bee forc'de to leaue the field.

Thy ragged roundels, rauand Royt,
Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
With seabrous colours, fulsome Royt,
Proceedand from an pynt of Wine,
Quhilke haults for fault of feet like myne,
Yet foole thou thought no shame to writ them,
At mens command that laikes ingyne,
Quhilke doyted Dyvours gart thee dyte them.

But gourked goose, I am right glade,
Thou art beginne in write to flyte,
Sen Lowne thy language I haue laide,
And put thee to thy pen to write:
Now dogge I shall thee sa despyte,
With pricking put thee to sik speid,
And cause thee (Curre) that warkloome quite,
Syne seik an hole to hide thy heid.

Montgomerie to Tewart.

Yelknafe acknowledge thy offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and so clair thee,
Ask mercy make obedience,
In time for feare lest I forfaine thee:
I'll spreit I will na langer spair thee:
Blaide blecke thee, to bring in a gyse,
And to drie penaunce soon prepare ince
Syne passe foorth as I thall deuyle,

First fair threed-bair with loundred feit,
Recanting thy vnseemely sawes,
In Pilgrimage to Allare it.

Syne bee content to quite the cause,
And in thy teeth bring me the Tawes,
With becks my bidding to abyde,
Whether thou will let belt thy bawes
Or kisse all cloffes that stands beside.

And of thir twa take thou thy chose,
For thy awin profit I procure thee,
Or with a prick into thy nose
To stand content, I fall conjure thee.
But at this time think I forbair thee
Because I can not treat thee fairer,
Sit thou this charge, I will assure thee,
The second salbee something fairer.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

False fecklesse foulmart, loe heir a defyarce,
Ga sey thy science, doe Droigh what thou dow,
Trot tyke to a tow, Mandrag but myance,
We will heir tydance, peil d'Polwart of thy pow,

Montgomerie to Polwart, cast,

Many yeald yew hast thou cald ouer a know,
Syne hid them in a how; starke theefewhen thou staw them,
Menswearing thou saw them, and made but a mow,
Syne fylde in a Row, when the man came that aw them.

Thy dittay was death, thou dar not deny it,
Thy trumpery was tryed, thy falset they fand,
Burreau the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
Condemn'd to bee dry'd and hung vp fra hand:
While thou payde a pand in a stowre thou did stand,
With a willie wand thy skinne was well scourged,
Syne feinzedly forged how thou left the land,
Now Sits I demand how this Pod can bee purged.

Yet wanshapen shit thou shufe such a sunzie,
As proud asye prunzie your pennes shall be plucked,
Come kisse where I cuckied, and change me that cunzie,
Your gryses grunzie is gracelesse and gowked,
Your mouth most bee mucked while ye bee instructed,
Foule firdome, wanfucked, tersell of a Taide,
Thy meter mismade hath louflicie lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy termes in a slaide.

Little angric Attercop, and auld vnsell Aipe,
Ye grain for to gape vpon the gray meir,
Play with thy Peir, or Ile pull thee like a Paipe,
Goe ride in a raipe, for this noble new yeir:
I promise thee heir to thy chafts ill cheir,
Except thou go leir to liche at the lowder,
With Potingars powder thy selfe ouersmeir
The Castle ye weir well sealed on your shoulder.

This twise sealed trumpeter with his trampling crowes,
Making vaine vowes, to match him with me,
With the print of a key well burnt on the browas
Now God salbe witnesse, wheresfra came ye

Polwart to Montgomerie.

For all your bombill yet warde a little wee:
I thinke for to see thee hing by the heils
For termes that thou steilis of olde Poetrie,
Now who should crow thee that's past baith the seilis.

Proud poysonde pykethanke, peruerse and perjured,
I dow not indure it to bee bitten with a duike,
I's fell thee like a Fluike, flatlings on the flure,
Thy scrowes obscure are borrowed fra some buile,
Fra Lindsay thou tuik, thou'ret Chancers Cuik,
Ay lying like a Ruike, gif men wold not skar thee;
But beast I debarre thee the Kings Chimney nuike,
Thou flees for a looke, but I shall ride nar thee.

Falsc strydand stickdirt, I's gar thee stinke,
How durst thou mint with thy Master to mell,
On sikeas thy sell, little pratling pinke,
Could thou not ware inke thy tratling to tell,
Hoy hursen to Hell among the fiends fell
To drinke of that well that poysonde thy pen,
Where divels in their den doe yammer and yell,
Heir I thee expell from all Christian men.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

B Leird babling bystour, baird obey
B Learne skybald knauet to know thy sell,
Vile vagabound, or I invey
Custroun with cusses thee to compell,
Yet, tratling truiker, trueth to tell,
Stoup thou not at the second charge,
Mischieuous mishant, wee shall mell
With laidly language loud and large.

To wri^t to Montgomery.

Where Lowne as thou loues thy life,
I baith command and counsell thee,
For to eschew this sturtsome strife,
And with thy manlie Maister gree,
To this effect, I summond thee
By publick proclamation,
Gowke to compeir vpon thy knee.
And kisse my soull foundation.

But Lord I laugh to see thee bluiter,
Cloit in thy ragment, rash to raill
With maughty manked magled meiter,
Tratland, and turnland top o^w re taill,
As Carlings comptis their farts doyl^d snaill,
Thy roustie ratrymes made but mater
I could weill follow, wald I saill,
Or preasse to fish within thy water.

Only because, Owle, thou dois vse it,
I will write verse of common kind,
And Swingeour for thy sake refuse it,
To crabe thee, bumbler, by thy mind,
Pedler, I pitty thee sa pin^d,
To buckell him that beares the bell,
Jack stro be better, anes ingyn^d,
Or I fall fyste aginst my self.

But breslie beist, to answere thee
In seimon st ort, I am content,
And sayes thy similitudes vnslic
Are na wayes very pertinent,
Thy tyr^d comparasons a sklent
Are monstrous like the Mule that made them,
Thy borrowed barkings violent,
Yet were they worse let men out war them.

Also

Also I may bee Chaucers man,
 And yet thy master not the lesse:
 But wolfe that wastes on Cup and Kan,
 In Gluttony, thy grace I guesse;
 Ga drunken Dyvour, thee addresse:
 And borrow thee embessed breiks,
 To heare mee now thy praise expresse
 Knaue if thou can without wat cheiks.

First of thy just Genealogie
 Tyke I shall tell the trueth I trow,
 Thou was begotten, some sayes mee,
 Betwixt the divell and a dun Kow,
 One night when that the fiend was fow,
 At banquet birland at the beir,
 Thou sowked syne a sweet brod sow,
 Amang the middings many a yeir.

On ruytes and runches in the field
 With nolt thou nourish'd was a yeir,
 Whill that thou past baith poore and peild
 Into argyle some lait to leir.
 As the last night did weil appear,
 When thou stood fidgeing at the fyre,
 Fast fykand with thy Heiland cheir,
 My flyting forc'd thee sa to flyre.

Into the Land wherethou was borne
 I read of nonght but it was skant,
 Of Cattell, Clething, and of Corne,
 Where wealth and welfair baith doth want.
 Now Tade-face, take this for no tant,
 I hear your housing is right fair,
 Where howling howlets ay doth hant,
 With Robin red-brest but repair.

The Lords and Lairds within that Land
 I knaw are men of mekill rent,

Polwar to Montgomerie

And litting as I vnderstand,
Whill in an Innes, wee bee content
To lieue and let their house in Lent:
In Lentron month and the lang Sōmer
Where twelue Knights kitchins hath a vent
Quhilke for to furnish dois them cumber.

For store of Lambes and lang-tailde wedders
Thou knowes where many couples gae
For stealing tyed fast in tedders
In fellon flockes of anes and twaes,
Abroad ahort your bankes and braes
Ye do abound in Coale and Calke,
And thinke as fooles to fley all faes
With Targets tullies and toome talke.

Alace poore hood-pykes, hungerbitton
Accustom'd with scurrilitie
Rydand like boystures, all beshitten,
In fields without fertilite:
Bare, barren, with sterilitie,
For fault of cattell corne and gerse,
Your banquets of most nobilitie
Deare of the Dog brawne in the Merse.

Wileffe vanter, were thou wise
Custroun thou would *er mundum* cry.
Qu'ilaiden lowne, with lang-tailde lyte,
Thy doytit dytings soone deny,
Trotter, or l thy trumpery try
And make a legend of thy life,
For fylte I anes, folke will cry fye,
Then thou'll bee warde with every wife.

Polwar

Polwart, medicine to Montgomerie.
beeing sicke.

S JR Sweingeour seeing I want warrs
And salues to slake thee of thy faires
This present from the Pothecares
Me think meet to amend thee.

First for thy feuer feid on foly
With fasting stomach take oyld-oly
Mixt with a mouthfull of melancholy
From fleame for to defend thee.

Syne passe a space, and smell a flowre
Thy inward parts to purge and scowre
Take thee three bites of ane black howre
And Ruebarb bache and bitter.

This duely done but any din
Sup syne seix sops but something thin
Of the Diuell scald thy guts within
To heale thee of thy skitter.

Vnto thy bed syne make thee bown,
Take ane sweit Syrop worth a Crowne
And drink it with the Diuellga downe
To recreat thy spreit.

And last of all, craig in a Cord,
Send for a powder and pay for'd,
Called the vengeance of the Lord
For thy mug mouth most meit.

Gif this preserue thee not fra paine
Passe to the Pothecars againe,
Some recipies does yet remaine
To heale bruik byle or blister.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

As *Diadragma* when ye dine,
Or *Diabolicon* wat in wine
With powder I drait felon fine,
And mair yet when ye mister.

Montgomeries answere to Polwart.

VYle venemous viper, wanthriftest of things,
Halse an Elf, hale an Aip, of Nature denyit,
Thou flait with a Cuntry the quhilke was the Kings
But that bargan, vnbeast, deare fall thou buy it,
The cuff is well wared that twa hame brings,
This Preuerb soull pelt to thee is applyit,
First spider of spyte, thou spewes out springs,
Yet wanshapen wowbet of the weirds invyit,
I can tell thee, how, when, where, and quha gat thee,
The quhilke was ne ither man nor wife
Nor humane Creature on life,
Thou stinkand steicher vp of strife,
False howlet haue at thee.

In the hinder end of haruest on Alhallow euen,
When our good Neighbours dois ride, gif I read right,
Some buckled on a bunewand and some on a been,
Ay trottand in troupes from the twylight,
Some sadled a shee Aipe, all grathed into greene,
Some hobland on an hemp stalk, hove and to the hight,
The King of Pharie and his court, with the Elfe Queene,
With many Elrich Incubus was rydand that Night,
There an Elf on an Aip an vnsell begat,
Into a pot by Pomathorne
That bratchart in a busse was borne,
They fand a monster on the morn,
War fac'd nor a Cat.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Reavens rugand at that raiton by a Ron ruit,
They mused at the Mandrake vnmade like a man,
A Beast bund with a bouncevand in ane old buit,
How that gaist had bein gotten to gesse they began,
Weill sweilde in a swynes skin, and smicirit ouer with suit,
The belly that it first bair full bitterly they ban,
Of this mismade Moldewart mischiefe they muit,
That crooked camschoche croyll vncristened they curse,

They bad that baiche should not be but
The glengoir gravell and the gut
And all the plagues that first were put
Into *Pandores* purse.

The coch, and the connogh, the collicke, and the cold,
The cords, and the cour-cuill, the clasps and the cleiks,
The hunger, the hart-ill, and the hoist still thee hald,
The botch, and the barbles, with the Cannigate breiks,
With bock-blood, and benshaw, speuen sprung in the spald,
The fersie, the falling-cuill that fells many freiks,
Quergane all with Angleberries as thou growes ald,
The kinkhost, the Charbucle, and wormes in the cheiks,
The snuff and the snoir, the chaudpeece and the chanker.

With the blaids and the belly throw,
The bleiring bars, and the beanschaw,
With the mischief of the melt and maw,
The clape and the canker.

The frencie, the fluxes, the fyk, and the felt,
The feauers, the fearcie, with the speinzie flees,
The doyt, and the dysmall, indifferently delt,
The powlings, the palsey, with pocks like pees.
The swerf, and the sweiting, with sounding to swelt,
The weam-ill, the wild-fire, the vomit, and the vees,

'Polwart to Montgomerie.'

The mair, and the migrame, with meathes in the melt,
The warbles, and the wood-worme whereof dogs dies,
The teasicke, the tooth-aik, the tittes and the titles,

The painfull poplesie and pest,
The rot, the roup, and the auld rest,
With parlesse and plurisies opprest,
And nip'd with the nistles.

Woe worth (quoth the weirds) the wights that thee wrought
Threed bair be their thrifit as thou art wanthereuin,
Als hard bee their handsell that helpes thee to ought,
Therotten Run of thy wombe with Rookes salbe reiuin,
All bounds where thou bides to baill salbe brought,
Thy Gall and thy Guisserne to Glaids fall be giuen,
Ay short bee thy solace, with shame be thou solght,
In Hell mot thou haunt thee and hide thee fra Heavin,
And ay as thou auld growes so eikand be thy anger,
To live with limmers and outlawes,
With hurcheons eatand hips and hawes
But when thou comes where the Cock crawes
Tary there na langer.

Shame and sorrow on her snout that suffers thee to sowke,
Or shoe that cares for thy cradill cauld be her cast,
Or brings any bedding for thy blae bowke,
Or lousies off thy lingals sa lang as they may last,
Or offers thee any thing all the lang owke,
Or first refresheth thee with food, howbeit thou sould fast,
Or when thy dudes are bedritten that gives them ane dowk,
All groomes when thou greits at thy ganting be agast,
Als froward be thy fortune as foul is thy forme.

First seven yeirs be thou dumb and deiss,
And after that a common theiss,
Thus art thou marked for mischeiss,
Foule vnuworthy worme.

Outrow'd be thy tongue, yet tratling all times,
Ay the langer that thou liues thy Lucke be the lesse
All countries where thou comes accuse thee of crimes,
And false bethy fingers, but leath to confess,
Ay raving and rageing in rude ratrymes.
All ill be thou vseand, and ay in excessse,
Ilk Moone be thou mad fra past be the primes
Still pleagu'd with povertie thy prude to oppresse.
With warwolffes and wildCats thy weird be to wander,
Dragleit throw dirtie dubs and dykes
Tousled and tugged with towne Tykes,
Say lousie lyar what th oulykes
Thy tongue is na sclander.

Fra the sisters had scene the shape of that shit
Little luck be thy lot there where thou lyes,
Thy fumard face, quoth the first, to flyt salbe fit,
Niceneen quoth the nixt fall nourish thee twyse,
To ryd post to elphin nane abler nor it,
To drive dogs but to dryt, the third can devyse,
All thy dayes fall thou be of ane body but a bit,
Als swith is this sentence as sharpe is thy syse,
Syne duely they deem'd what death it sould die:

The first said surely of a shot,
The second of a running knot,
The third be throwing of thoe throt
Like a tyke ouer ane tree.

When all the weird sisters had thus voted in one voyce
The deid of the dabler, then syn they withdrew,
To let it ly all allaine they thought it little losse
In a den be a dyke or the day dew:
Than a cleir compaines came soone after closse
Niceneen with her nymphes, in number anew,
With charmes from Caitnes and Chanrie of Rosse,

Montgomery to Polwarr.

Whose cunning consists in casting of a Clew,
They seeing this fairie thing, laid to them self,
This thrifles thing is meit for vs
And for our crast commodious,
Ane vglie Aipe and Incubus
Gotten with an Elf.

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the warld call witches,
In the time of their triumph, tirr'd me the Taide,
Some backward raid on brodsowes, & some on black bitches,
Some in steid of a staig ouer a stark Monk straid,
Fra the how to the hight some hobles, some hatches,
With their mouthes to the Moone, murgeons they maid,
Some be force in effect the soure windes fetches,
And nyne times withershins about the throne raid,
Some glowring to the ground, some grievously gaipes.
Be crast, conjure and fiends perforce
Furth of a Cairne, beside a croce
Thir Ladies lighted fra their horse
And band them with raipes.

Syne bare-foot and bare-leg'd to batize that bairne
Till a water they went be a wood side,
They fand the shitt all beshirten in his awin shearne,
On three headed *Hecatus* to heir them they cryde
As we haue found in the field this fundling forfairne,
First his faith he forlakes in thee to confyde,
Be vertue of thir words and this raw yearne,
And whill this shrise thretty knots on this blew threed byd,
And of thir mens members weill sow'd to a shoe
Whilks we haue tane fra top to tae
Euen of ane hundred men and mae
Now grant vs goddesse or we gae
Our dueties to doe

Be the hight of the heavins and be the hownesse of hell,

Montgomery to Polwarr.

Be the windes and the weirds and the Charle waine
Be the hornes, the hand-staff and the kings ell.
Be thunder be fyreflaughts, be drouth and be raine,
Be the poles and the planetes, and the signes all twell
Be mirknes of the Moone, let mirknes remaine,
Be the Elements all that our crafts can compell,
Be the fiends infernall, and the furies in paine,
Gar all the Gaists of the dead that dwels there downe

In *Lethe* and *Styx* thae stinkand strands.

And *Pluto* that your Court commands
Receiue this howlat off our hands

In name of Mahorne

That this worme in our worke some wonders may wirk,
And through the poysone of this pod our pratiques prevail,
To cut aff our cumber fra comming to the Kirk,
For the half of our help, and hes it heir haill,
Let never this vndoght of ill doing irk,
But ay blyth to begin all barret and baill,
Of all blis let it be als bair as the birk
That tittest the taidrell may tell ane ill taill,
Let no vice in this world in this wanthrif be wanted.

Be they had said, the fireflaughts flew,
Baith thunder, raine, and winds blew,
Where be their comming commers knew
Their asking was granted.

When thae Dames devorely had done their devore
In heaving this hurcheon, they hasted them hame,
Of that matter to make remained no more
Sauing nixt how thae Nuns that worling sould name,
They know'd all the kytrall the face of it before,
And nip'd it sa doones neir, to see it was a shame,
They cal'd it peil'd *Polwarr* they pull'd it so sore,
Where weclip, quoth the Conners, there needs na kame,
For we haue heicht to *Mahorn* for handsell this hair,
They made it like a scraped swyne,

Montgomery to Poyntz.

And as they Cow'd they made it whryne,
It shau'd the selfe aye on sensyne
The beard was sa bair.

Fra the Kummers that Crab had with *Thato* contracted
They promeist as parents syne for their owne part
A mouer of mischiefe and they myght for to make it,
As an Impe of all ill most apt for their Art,
Nicneuin as nourish, to teach it, gart take it
To saill sure in a seiff but *Compassie* or *Cairt*.
And milke of an hairne tedder, thought wifes suld be wrackit,
And a Kow giue a chopin was wont to giue a quart
Many babes and bairnes fall blesse thy hair banes,
When they haue neither milke nor meill,
Compel'd for hunger for to steill
Than fall they giue thee to the *Deill*
Able ofter nor anes.

Be an after miduight their office was ended,
At that tyde was na time for troumpers to tarry,
Syne backward on horsebacke brauely they bended,
That cam-nosed Cocatrice they quite with them cary,
To *Kair* of *Crief* in an creill soone they gar'd send it
Where seuin yeir it sat baith singed and fairie,
The kin of it be the cry incontinent kende it,
Syne fetcht food for to feid it foorth fro in the *Pharie*,
Ilike Elfe of them all brought an almons house Oster.

Jndeid it was a daintie dish,
A foulle flegmatick foulsome fish,
In steid of lance on it they pish,
Sik food feed, sik a foster.

Syne fra the fathers side synely had fed it
Many monkes and maides came with the mother,
Blacke botch fall the brest and the belly that bred it.

Montgomery to Pauwall.

Ay offered they that vndoghe fra ane to another,
Wher that smatched had towked, sa said it was to shedit.
But belyue it begane to buckle the brother,
In the barke of ane bourtree whylome they bed it.
All talking with there tougues the ane to the other,
With flirting and flyring their phys nome they slype.

Some luikand lyce in the crowne of it keeks,
Some choppes the kiddes into their checks
Some in their oxster hard it cleeks

Like an auld bag-pipe.

With mudyones and murgeones and moving the braies
They lay it, they lift it, they louise it, they lace it,
They graip it, they grip it It greets and they grane,
They bed it, they baw it, they bind it they brace it,
It skittered, and skarted, they skirl'd ilk ane,
All the Ky in the countrey they skared and chaced
That roaring they wood-ran and routed in a reane,
The wild deere fra their den their din hes displaced,
The cry was sa ouglie of Elfes Aipes and Owles

That geise and gaisling cryes and craikes,
In dubs douks down Duikes and draikes,
All beists for feir the fields forslakes

And the towne Tykes yowles.

Sik a mirthlesse Musick thir menstralls did make
Whill Ky cast caprels behind with their heeles
Littill tent to their time the Tocne leit them take,
But ay rammeist red wood, and ravel'd in their reeles,
Then the cummers that yeken came all in a elak
To conjure that coidyoch with clewes in their creecles,
Whill all the bounds them about grew blaikned and black
For the din of thir daiblets rais'd all the deils
To concurre in the cause they were come sa far,

For they their god bairne gifts wald giue,
To teach the childe to steale and reiue.

C

And

And aye the langer that it liue
The wrold shoulde he the war.

Polwars third flytting against
Montgomerie.

IN fernall frawart seaming furies fell
Curst canker'd, crabed (Clotho) help to quell
Yon Caribaldyone catiue execrabill,
Prov yde my pen profoundly to distell
Some dure despite to daunt yon deuill of hell,
And dryve with doole to death detestabill
This mad malitious monster miserabill,
Ane tyke tormented, trotting out of toone,
That rynnes red wood at ilk middes of the Moone.

Renew your roaring rage and eager ire,
Jaflame'd with fearfull thundering thuddes offyre,
To pleague this poysond pykthank, pestilent,
With flying fyrestaughts, burning bright and shyre,
Devoir yon deuillish dragon, I desire,
And waste his wearied venom violent,
Conjure this beastly begger impotent,
Suppresse all power of this euill spirit
That by des' and barkes in him als black as Jeit.

But reekie Rookes and Ravens or ye ryue him
Defist, delay his death whill I descriue him,
Syne ryely to his rauing rude reply,
To dreadfull dolour dearsly or ye dryve him
Throw *Plutos* power, pleasure to depryue him,
The Lowne may lick his vomit, and deny
His shameles sawes, like Sathan's flavish smy
Whose maners with his mismade members heir
Doe correspond, as plainly doth appear,

Polwars to Montgomery.

His peiled pallat and vnplesant pow,
Thy fulsome flockes of flies dois overflow,
With wames and wounds all blaikened ful of blaines
Out ouer the necke ahort his nitty now
Ilike louse lyes linkand like a large lint bow
That hurts his harnes, and pearse them to his paines,
Whill wit and vertue vanisched fra the vaines
With scars and scores ahort his frozen front
In rankels runne within the strewes all burnt.

His lugs baith lang and leane wha cannot lacke
That to the Tron hath tane so many a tacke,
With blasted bowels, bowden with bruised blude
And hapning haires blowne withersuns aback,
Foot foundred beasts, for fault of food, full weake
Hes not their hair so snod as other good,
The bleared Bucke and boysterous to conclude
Hes right trim teeth somewhat set in a thraw
Ane toped turde right teughly for to taw.

With laidly lips and lyning side turn'd out,
His nose weill lit in *Bacchus* blood about,
His stinking end, corrupted as men knawes,
Contagious cankers carues his snafing snout,
His shaven shoulders shawes the markes no dout
Of teugh tarle thers tyres and other tawes
And girds of Galeyces growand now in gawes,
Swa all his fowlsome forme thereto effeirs
The quhilk for filth I will not fyle your eirs.

The second part of Polwars
third flyting.

Bt of his conditions to carpe for a while
And compt you his qualities, compast with cair,

To Iwart to Montgomery.

Appardon me Poets to alter my style
And wiffle my verse for fylling the air,
Returning directly againe to Argyle
Where last that I left him, baith barefoot & bair,
Where rightly I reckoned his race verie vyle,
Descending of Deuils as I declair,
But quhilk of the gods will guide me aright,

Abhorrting so abhominable,
Sa doolfull and detestable,
Sa knauish, canker'd, execrable
And wearied a wight.

In Argyle amang Gaits he gead within glens,
Aye there vsing offices of a bruit beast,
Whill blislesse was banish'de for handling of hennes,
Synge forward to Flanders fast fled or he ceast,
From poore anes the pultrie he plucked be the pennes,
Delighting in thitt, the heart of his breast,
And courage inclin'de to knauery 'men kens,
To pestilent purposes plainly hee preast,
But truely to tell all the trueth vnto you
In no wayes was he wise,
Hee vsed both Cairts and Dyce,
And fled no kinde of vice,
Or few as I trow.

He was ane false Shismaticke notoriously named,
Both whoredome and homicide vnsell he vsed,
With all the seuen sinnes the smached was shamed,
Pride, ire, and envy, this vndoght abused,
For greedy couetousnesse bitterly blamed
For bawderie and bordeling lucklesse hee loued,
Thrist, drynes, and drunkennes, the dyvour defamed,
False, fenzelit, with flyting and flattery infused,
Maist sinfull and sensuall, shame to rehearse,
Whose fecklesse foolishnesse

And

Polywarte Montgomerie.

And beastly brukilnesse
Can no man as I gesse
Weill put into verse.

A warloch a warwolfe a wowlent but hair,
A deill, and a Dragon, a deid Dronadarie,
A conterfoot custroun, that clarks dois not care
A clauering cohooby that craks of the Phary,
Whose fauourles Phis nome doth duely declair
His vices, and viciousnes, although J would varie,
Arcandam's Astrology, a lanterne of lair,
Affirmes his bleardnesse to wisdome contrary,
Betaikening baith babling and baldnesse ot age,
Great fraud and foulle deceit,
Cappit, with quiet conceit,
Witnes some verse he wrait
Hafse daft in a rage.

His Anagrame also, concerning that case,
Sayes surely it's a signe of a leacherous Lowne,
his palenes next partly, with brown in the face,
Arcandam ascriuies to babling aye bowne,
And tratling intemperate, tymetes, but place
A coward yet cholerick, and drunke in ilk towne,
And als his asse eates they signe in short space
The franticke foole shall grow mad like *Mashowne*,
But yet fall hee liue long, whilk alas were a losse,
For sik a tryed traitour,
A babling blasphemour
Was never form'd of Nature
Sa gooked a Goose.

Whose origine noble, the note of his name
Cal'd Etymologie beirs rightly record,
His surname doth flow fra twa termes of defame,
From *Mont* and *Gomora* where devils be the Lord,

Polvart to Montgomerie.

His kinsmen was cleinly cast out to his shame
That is of their Clan whom Christ hath abhor'd
And beirs of the birth place their horrible name
Where Sodomite sinners with stinking were smord.

Now sen all is suith that's said of this smy

Vnto that capped Clark

And pretty piece of wark
That bitterly doth bark

J may this reply.

*Polvarts last flytting against
Montgomerie.*

VYle villaine vaine, and war than I haue tauld thee,
Thy withered wame is damnified and dry'd,
Beshitten bystour, baldly I forbad thee
To well with mee, or else thou should deare buy it,
Thy speach but purpose, sporter is espyed,
That wrytes of witches, warlocks, wraiths and wratches,
But investiues against him well defyed,
Rob Stein thou rauess, for getting whom thou matches.

Leau boggles, brownies, Gyre-catlings, and Gaists
Dastard thou dasses that with such devilly necks
Thy peis'd preambles ouer prolixly lasts,
Thy reasons fauours of reek and nothing els,
Thy sentences of suit sa sweetly smels,
Thou sat so neir the chimney nuke that made them,
Fast by the Ingle, amang the Oyster shels,
Decidand my danger durst not weill debate them.

Thy trailing, truker, wold gat Taides spew,
And Cartle Gats weep vinegar with their eine,
Thou said I borrowed blad's that is not trew,

The contrary fals snatched salbe seene,
I never had of that making ye meine
A verse in writ, in print, or yet perqueir,
Quhilk I can proue and cleanse me wonder cleine,
Thogh single words no writer can forbeir

To proue my speeches probable and plaine
Thou must confess thou vsed my invention,
I reckoned first thy race, syne thou againe
In that same sort made of thy Maister mention,
Thy wit is weake with me to haue dissencion,
For to my speech thou never made reply,
At libertie to lie is thy intention,
I answer ay quhilk thou can not deny.

Thy freinds are fiends, of Aipes thou fenzies mine,
With my assistance saying all thou can,
I count sik kinred better yet nor thine,
Cheifly of beasts that most resemble man,
Grant gif that my invention wars thine then,
Without the whilk thou might haue barked waist
I laid the ground whereon thou best began,
To big the brig whercof thou brags maist.

Thy lack of Judgment may be als perceaued,
Thir twa cheif points of reason wants in thee,
Thou attributest to Aipes, where thou hes reaved,
The ills of horse, ane monstrous sight to see.
Na marvell though ill-won ill waired be,
For all these ills thou staw, I am right certain,
From Semple's dyrements, of an horse did die
Of Torterfield that dwelt into Dumbarsan.

Amang the ills of Aipes, that thou hes cauld,
Thogh to ane horse perteining properly,
Thou puts the spaven in the forder spauld,
That vses in the hinder hogh to be,

Fra horsemen anes thy cumming herte and see
I feare auld Allane get na mair adoe,
Allace poore man he may lye downe and die
Synce thou's succeed to weare the siller shooe.

Snatched
Farder thou flies with other fowles wings,
Ouer-cled with cleirer collours than thy awin,
But specially with some of Semples things,
Or for a plucked goose thou had bein knawin,
Or like an Cran, in mounting soon o'rethrownen,
That must take ay nyne steppes before she flye,
So in the gout thou might haue stand & blowen
As long as thou lay graueld lyke to die.

J speake not of thy vicious diuisions,
Where thou pronounces & yet propoens but part
Incumbred with sa many tryed confusions
Quahilk shawes thy ryme but rhetorick or art,
Thy memory is short, beshrew thy hart,
Telling one thing ouer twise or thrise at anes,
And cannot from a proper place depart,
Except J were to frig thee with whin stanes.

The things J said gif that thou would deny,
Meaning to wry the verity with wyles,
Lick where I laid, and pickle of that pye,
Thy knauery credence fra thee quite exyles,
Thy feckles folly all the airc defyles,
J finde sa many faults, ilke ane ouer vther,
First I must tell thee all thy flatly stiles,
And synce bequeath thee to thy biken brother.

Fond slyter, shit shyter, bacon byter, all defyl'd,
Blunt bleittar, paddock pricker, pudding eiter, peraerse,
Hen plucker, closer mucker, house tucker, very vylde,
Tanny cheiks, J thinke thou speiks, with thy breiks, toul er.

Woodryk, hoodpyk, ay like to liue in lacke,
Flowre the pin scabbed skin, eat it in that thou speake.

Guine gade, bald skade, foul faid, why flait thou foule,
Steill Yow, fill tow thou dow not defend thee,
Quha kend thy end, false fiend, phantastick mule,
Theif siny, they wald cry, fy fy to gart end thee,
Sweir sow doyl'd kow, ay sow, foul fall thy banes,
Very wyld, defyl'd, ay woodwyld ilk moneth anes.

Tary tade, thou's defate; now debate, if thou dow,
Huch padle, lick ladle, shyte saddle, do thy best,
Creishie souter, shoc clouter, minch mouter, dar thou mow,
Ragged railer, sheep stealer, double dealer thou's be dreft.
Falle preif, leane theif, mischeif fall thy lippes,
Blaird beard, thy reward is prepar'd for thy hippes.

Erse slaker, gly'd glaker, roome raike for releif,
Lunatick, frenatick, schismatik, Swingeour sob,
Tur'defac'd, ay chas'd, almaist fyld for a theif,
Misly, kyt, and thou flyt Ile dryt in thy gob;
Tuit mow, wilde sow, loone bow or I wand thee,
Hell ruik, with thy huik leaue the nuik, I command thee.

Land lowper, light skowper, ragged rowper, like a Raven,
Halland shaker, draight raike, bannock baiker, all beshitten
Craig in perill, toom the bartel, quyt the quarrell or be shaven.
Rude ratler, common traiter, poore prater, out flitten,
Hellspark, scabbed Clark, and thou bark I fall belt thee,
Skad skald, ouerbald, soone fald or I melt thee.

ousie lugs, leape jugs toome the mugs on the midding,
Fanny flank, redshank, pykthank, I must pay thee,
Pew bleck, widdie neck, come and beck at my bidding,
false Lowne, make thee bowne, ~~Mabowne~~ mon haue thee,
ank ruitour, scutlic whitour, and Luitour, nane fower,

Pollards to Montgomery.
Decrest, opprest, posset with Plutos power.

Capped knaue, proud slauue, ye rauue aye vnrocked,
Whiles slauerand, whiles taverand, whiles wauerand with wine
Greedy gouked, poor & plucked, ill instructed, ye's be knoked,
Gley'd ganrell, auld mangrell, to the hangrall, and sa pyne,
Calumniatour, blasphemator, vyle creature vntrew,
Thy cheiping, and peiping, with weeping thou salt rew.

Mad manter, vaine vaunter, ay haunter in slauery,
Pudding pricker, bang the bicker, nane quicker in knauery,
Kailly lips, kisse my hips, into grips thou's behinde
Baill brewer, poysone spewer, mony truer hes bein pin'd
Swyne keiper, land leiper, tward steiper from the drouth,
Leane limmer, steale gimmer, I sall skimmer in thy mouth.

Fley'd foole, mad muile, die with doole on an aike,
Knaue kend, Christ send ill end on thee now,
Pudding wright, out of sight, thou's be dight like a draike,
Jock blunt, thrawin runt, kisse the cunt of the Kow,
Purse peiler, hen steiller, Cat killer, now I quell thee.
Rubiator, fornicatour by nature, foulle befall thee.

Tyk sticker, poysone'd Viccar, potlicker, I mon pay thee,
Fear'd flyar, loud lyar, gooked gleyar on the gallows
Jock blunt, deid runt, I sall punt whil I slay thee,
Buttrie bag, fill knag, thou will rag with thy fellows
Tyr'd clatterer, skin batterer, and flatterer of freinds,
Vyld widdered, misordered, confedered with fiends.

Blind brock, louse dock, bor'd block, banish'd townes
Alace, thefes face, na grace for that grunzie,
Beld bisset, marmisset, lansprezed to the townes,
Deid dring, dry'd sting; thou wilt hing bpt a sunzie,
Lick butter, shreat cutter, fist grunter, fill the fetter,
Come bleitand and greitand, fast citand thy laidly fetter.

FINIS.

